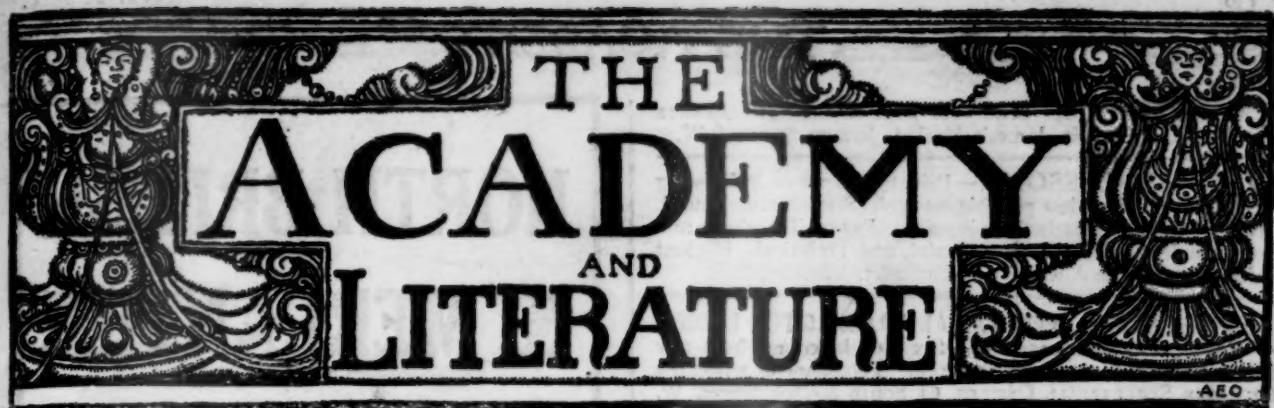


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THE GIFT.

Never a burn that from the wild hills cried
With their own ruby dyed,
Kissed by a setting sun;
Nor yet the huddle of the fallen brake
Knew how to win and take
The splendour thou hast won.

There is no mountain in whose secret heart
Harbours a counterpart
Of thy deep-tinctured bliss;
No opal, from the Mother's bosom torn,
Or bloodstone dark hath worn
A livery like this.

Not Autumn's multi-coloured robe of fire
Shall grant me my desire
In fruit, or leaf, or grain,
To make an auburn harmony with thine:
A phoenix hue divine
For me dost thou remain.

Sunset and gentle after-glow may swoon
To match thee, and the moon
At her red rising try;
There is no sleight of thunder-cloud or morn
Can show where thou wast born.
I find thee not on high.

Nor shall the wine-dark shadow that doth lurk
Within thy wondrous cirque
Be caught from earth or sea—
From distant mountain purple, or from plain,
Or ocean's far-flung stain
Of lapis lazuli.

Not seraphim upon their reverent wings,

Though heaven's blazon flings

A rainbow glory there,

Shall ever flash, through all their raptured flight,

Such awful fires as light

This lock of woman's hair.

E. P.

LIFE AND LETTERS.

VIEW regard as dangerous the statements now being made that the conscription-compulsion-national service party—you pay your money and take your choice of words—is practically beaten. The party will not be beaten until it is more generally understood that the real leaders of the movement are our old friends the plutocrats with their lust for power and profits. Their spokesman, Lord Harmsworth, with some creditable contempt for mere profits, be it said, will drop it like hot standard bread when he hits upon some more likely scheme to increase circulation—circulation, of course, being his lordship's own particular primrose path to perdition. If the simple-minded imagine that either he or his present allies have at any time experienced the same emotion which inspired Henley to "England, my England" they are simple-mindedly mistaken.

As for the retired military gentleman, the "ladies from Kensington," and other dupes of this precious conspiracy, we can but advise them to go on assisting the conscription Press to "bust its own boiler." If the intelligence of the country cannot see through their fears and vanities and stupidities it is about time the remnant of us with some claim to sanity sought fresh fields and pastures new in a modern "Mayflower." But we are not leaving just yet awhile. There is in the heart of this England of ours a spirit drugged and drunken with sleep and fatness it is true, but which will rise with a bad head before the War is over and begin to wonder if its Harmsworths and Bottomleys are altogether desirable substitutes for those earlier adventurers whose deeds are immortalised in *Purchas* and *Hakluyt*. If that spirit is dead, which we refuse to believe, the Germans may be defeated, but we shall not have gained much of a victory.

And here is the *Times* weeping for our sins and omissions :—

It is at once a cheering and a depressing sign that the discussion of National Service in a great part

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of the Press should have resolved itself into a trivial wrangle about the views of individuals and the motives which are supposed to inspire them. "How can any sane man," it is said, "support a change" "in our methods of recruiting when such-and-such a Minister notoriously thinks it unnecessary, "when the wicked Lord So-and-So supports it, when "Mr. Blank (that well-known intriguer) is obviously "using the movement as a means of displacing Mr. "Dash?" How petty it all is, and what a spectacle to the world outside! Personalities of this sort have no relation whatever to the merits of the question. They are a sure sign of weakness in argument, and to that extent can only bring satisfaction to those who hold that events cry loud for a drastic change in our national effort. What in the world does it matter, if the cause itself be good, whether it has succeeded in attracting the sympathies of one individual or in alienating another?

We will tell the *Times* why it matters. It is because certain individuals very rightly suspect are not lured by good causes. Those who do not know whether a cause be good or bad put their trust in leaders whose records are clean.

Really, the *Times*, judging by the sophistries and worse now daily provided in its pages for our delectation, must be getting desperate. "The system would make for justice," it says, "because it would solve the difficulties of those men of military age—and they are very many—who have quite honestly refrained from enlisting because they hold that the Government should first declare and impose equality of obligation."

Where are these wonderful people? There are Footballers' Battalions, Sportsmen's Battalions, Bantams' Battalions and every other kind of battalion. The *Times* ought to raise a battalion of Honest Refrainers. It might be known as the Prig's Battalion, Lord Harmsworth could present the colours, and it could be accompanied on active service by one of his henchmen whose duty it would be to tell the honest ones why they 'listed. The only thing against this pleasing dream is that the honest ones do not exist.

In the meantime Lord Cromer tells us that

We are fighting to suppress not militarism but Kaiserism—a system which enslaves both mind and conscience, perverts judgment, and makes a healthy and honest public opinion impossible.

This is very pretty. Perhaps his lordship will explain just exactly what militarism does for us.

The following from the columns of a contemporary may help him in the matter:—

A soldier, Private J. Edgar, of the Royal West Kent Regiment, who appeared to be greatly distressed, applied to Mr. Garrett at Marylebone to-day for an extension of his leave of absence so that he might bury his dead wife.

Last Saturday week he was granted a day's leave of absence as his wife, who lived at Praed-street, Paddington, was seriously ill. In view of her critical condition his leave was extended until last Friday.

On that day, his wife being no better, his doctor wrote to the regiment, but received no reply, and when, after the death of his wife, he telegraphed for a further extension of leave, he received a reply telling him he was absent since 11 p.m. on Friday, and must return at once for the Medical Board early on Wednesday morning.

Mr. Garrett: I have no power to extend your leave, I am sorry to say. It is only the military authorities that can do it.

"But," urged the soldier, "I cannot leave my wife lying dead at home."

Mr. Garrett: I would help you if I could, but I have no power.

This is not the only case of its kind reported lately. If the military authorities devoted a little less attention to Army Regulations and more to the "material" affected by them we should have less "honest" men of military age "refraining from enlistment because the Government does not declare and impose equality of obligation."

Here is a terrible expression of opinion from Mr. Rochfort Maguire:—

Female loveliness does not greatly depend on outward trappings. Bright eyes would shine as brightly under a standard hat as beneath the choicest confection of the Rue de la Paix.

That anyone should hold such a view as that is one of the evil results of the war. What song the sirens sang may be beyond all conjecture, but it is certain it did not lend to dreams of siren "standard dress." But we will not be too hard on Mr. Maguire. It is evident that he has been bewitched by the eyes of his countrywomen and see nothing else. Nor are we greatly surprised. Irish eyes are the most beautiful eyes in the whole world. They are full of magic and poetry and fairies, and for their sake we are willing to forgive "standard dress" cranks, the "Celtic temperament," and the conscientious young women on the Tubes who insist upon clipping tickets when some two thousand four hundred people are waiting at the barriers.

The name of Dr. Charles Forsham, who is advertising for original poems for a war anthology, is not

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familiar to us, but here, according to a morning ha'porth, are his qualifications for the high adventure:—

He has taken a great interest in that remote little island of St. Kilda, and it was he who first took the news to the islanders of the death of King Edward some two months after he died. And, I believe, he made the journey ten years before to take the news of Queen Victoria's death and the accession of King Edward.

After this it would not in the least surprise us if it was Dr. Charles Forsham, and not "Dirck and Joris and he," who "brought the good news from Ghent to Aix."

The young gentleman of *T.P.'s Weekly* who sells "literary help" to the guileless poetasters of this country has much to answer for. We have no objection to his advising the simple souls for whom he caters that they "can't rhyme 'especially' with 'financially,'" though with some dubiety not unmixed with awe, we note that they are to "take a twelve months' course of some poet like Longfellow, and then try again." What fills us with dismay and righteous indignation (for we have never done him any harm) is his suggestion to an East Grinstead bard to send verses to the *Academy*. Truly, as Swinburne said, there are worse things waiting for men than death. If the poets of "East Grinstead, Torquay, Preston," and other centres of light and learning were to read the columns of *T.P.'s Weekly* intelligently they would know that their best chance of acceptance lies in sending their work not to the "literary helper" of that journal, but to its editor. And this advice we present free of charge.

In these days of "Practical Correspondence Colleges"—when, as we are told by an advertiser, "all the practical dodges of those who have made most money by writing "are at our disposal—it is not to be expected that so old-fashioned a poet as William Cowper is to be allowed to have it all his own way. William shares the poetic honours of the current *T.P.'s Weekly* with a Mr. Oswald Neesham. And here is Mr. Neesham's garland of roses:—

When someone's pinched your rations,
And you've nothing for your teas;
Or a feller on Machine Guns
Took a fancy to your cheese;

When a blighter puts 'is foot upon
The place you've laid your head;
Or drops a dirty rifle on
Your only piece of bread;

When you've cleaned another rifle,
Thinking all the time 'twas yours;
Or a foot that weighs a trifle,
Hits your toe when forming fours;

When your company's for duty,
An' they say your trench is bad;
And you've biscuits 'stead of roasty,
So you don't feel very glad;

When your boots is full o' water,
An' you're far, far from the band;
An' you mustn't say what you oughter,
Why—say "Gott strafe Deutschland!"

We do not know whether to advise Oswald to go to a "Practical Correspondence College" or to commiserate with him upon having been to one. On the whole we are of opinion that he had better go on cleaning "another rifle."

California, we are happy to learn, has adopted a Poet Laureate—not a mere vulgar male poet, but a Miss Ina Coolbrith. We have not seen any specimens of Miss Coolbrith's work, but if her poems are not better than the war poems of our own Laureate, Mr. Bridges, we shall have to continue to believe that California is renowned chiefly for fruit.

The amiable Mr. A. C. Benson has been talking amiably to an amiable interviewer. On the subject of the Church and the War he said:—

Morality is no longer a real thing, because the State, by pronouncing a policy expedient, makes it moral. This has developed what appears to me a profound moral decadence, a State-deification, in which a man no longer follows what he believes in his heart to be right, but looks anxiously about to see what his neighbours are going to consider right, or what the General Staff are going to make right.

I do not want to risk this in England.

It will doubtless come as a severe shock to Mr. Benson to know that there are other Englishmen who "do not want to risk this in England."

The war seems to increase rather than retard the activities of our novelists. Fifty immortal works of fiction are announced by two publishers alone! And novels, of course, are not the only books announced for forthcoming publication. Messrs. Hutchinson's little effort includes a new story by Charles Marriott, entitled *Davenport; The Romance of a Red Cross Hospital*, by Frankfort Moore; Lucas Malet's *Wisdom of Damaris*, and a whole stack of works by other well known authors. If there are any young reviewers not yet in the army the time is coming when they will fall an easy prey to the recruiting sergeants.



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THE FATHER.

He was not happy; but his two daughters did not see that, and he could not tell them. As a matter of fact, his girls were much too busy with their talking and theories to think even that the old man was unhappy. His age was too far from theirs. It was difficult for them to believe that he could have moods, that he existed in any other way than by a sort of complacent senility. And so every day when he came downstairs he felt that he was a little out of place amongst all this talk and speculation. He had outlived that eager age: his brain had lived long enough to form its own definite conclusions, to reach the limit of its expansion, or rather, as far as what he called commonsense had allowed it to expand. He felt much as a seeding flower must feel amongst the springing buds. He sat down to breakfast in his brown dressing-gown faced with red (for his heart was weak, and he had to do things by degrees), his smooth red cheeks shining with soap, and, eyeing the little toast-rack set expressly before his plate, he glanced at the paper and put it aside for a fuller reading later on. Then he went upstairs to dress for a walk, or if he did not feel especially well he remained in his dressing-gown with his paper crumpled into his lap, his little bright eyes twinkling as he watched his busy daughters.

He was a simple old man who had married late. He had loved his wife very dearly, and when she died (she had been always very delicate) he could not bring himself to think that the two daughters would ever make up for the loss of his companion. From the day of her death he lived solitary. Always feeling too old to try and make friends with his children, he had never tried. It was too late to try now. And so he sat in the armchair with his feet against the blaze, listening to his daughters arguing over the breakfast table.

He was a simple old man, who had found that he could eat his toast and butter for more than sixty years without discussing the relative trade values of various imported butters. He also had found that breakfast was strictly a material undertaking into which the abstract made an unwarrantable intrusion. The matter-of-factness of the newspaper was the ideal accompaniment to breakfast. . . . Before his wife died he had been allowed to cherish these illusions, for she had exercised a gentle control over the girls; but when she was gone, and the echo of her footsteps had scarcely died from the house, his daughters took everything into their own hands, and suddenly the

old man found himself a stranger amongst his family. Discussions on Socialism, Women's Suffrage, Art, Ethics, Morals, Religion, seethed about his tea-cup, conducted with all the personal hostility which the feminine mind seems on such occasions to find indispensable. Each daughter came downstairs primed with some argument with which to confute her sister's latest doctrine, and this argument she let off as soon as she sat down, as it were a salvo of artillery to prelude an engagement. Words which their father had never heard on women's lips before were now more common than those which he had. The house was deluged with treatises on this and on that from the libraries; which books were digested, as it were, overnight and flung out at breakfast the next day. Why always at breakfast, he wondered, adjusting his spectacles and endeavouring to turn his attention to the paper. "Hypothetical," "Pure Form," "Will to Power," "Spiritual" . . . He wished, too, that they wouldn't talk so loud.

And yet he was proud of them, not seeing that most of their apparent cleverness was due to a good memory and the presence of innumerable text-books in the house. They had a host of facts at their fingers' ends with which they immediately confounded him if he volunteered an opinion of his own. He had made now and again little tentative efforts to join in their discussions, just for the sake of feeling that he wasn't altogether out of it; but his observations were invariably cut short by one of the girls crying out:

"Oh, daddy, you're much too old-fashioned."

"Well, well," he thought, "perhaps I am. I'd better leave them to it;" and he withdrew again behind his paper.

At first he had simply felt a little lonely; but when the girls made a determined set at him, he began to feel uneasy. They were nothing if not enthusiastic about whatever they happened to have in hand.

"I don't see why we shouldn't convince daddy," said Eleanor. "He can't be too old to learn."

That was what they did not understand. He was too old to learn.

Nevertheless, not satisfied with talking to him, they began to talk at him. And he had grown so old in his conservative beliefs that he had almost forgotten his reasons for having them. They questioned him closely, and seemed to take a delight in destroying everything in which he believed. He was scandalised, but could not confute their triumphant arguments.

"There you are!" one of them would exclaim.

THE ACADEMY.

"You simply haven't a leg to stand on. You believe all that trash because you've been brought up to it. Can't you see we're in the right?"

"No, dear, I'm afraid I can't," he would say. At other times he would stray from the argument into reminiscence, and then he was sharply reminded to keep to the point. "Go on," said his daughters. "It doesn't matter if it was Monday or Tuesday. That's got nothing to do with it . . ." Breakfast, lunch, tea, dinner, arguing, arguing all day long. They asked friends in, who argued on the same lines, and when at last their clattering tongues passed the old man's endurance he would say meekly,

"I wish you wouldn't talk so loud, Eleanor. Do you want people in the street to hear you?"

And he would experience a little satisfaction when his daughter did lower her voice a little.

The younger generation puzzled him, as he no doubt had puzzled his father. He could not see where all this speculation would lead them—except to more speculation still. He was thankful that his youth had not been spent so feverishly. He believed the same kind of things that his father had believed, namely, that the King of England was a king and not a figurehead, that Parliament was a representative body, and that the Boer War was a just one. He regarded Socialism (like Christian Science and the Radical Press) as a public menace, until Eleanor introduced it at the breakfast table and took it up so seriously as to write unpaid reviews for the Fabian Society's Magazine. In that case, familiarity bred contempt. He could not confute her arguments; but he was not convinced.

He loved his daughters and they loved him, but there was no understanding on either side. On his own confession they perplexed him. But they did not make even the smallest attempt to understand him, otherwise they would have seen that it was more than useless to try and convert to their theories a man of over sixty, and one who had lived his life. He saw that they argued chiefly for the sake of arguing: it didn't seem to help them to live (unless their spiritual lives, which they often spoke of, blossomed in a world hidden from human eyes) and he viewed with satisfaction the fact that they led much the same comfortable middle-class life as himself had led and did not have (and he thanked God for it) the courage to put their theories into practice. And one day he had good-humouredly expostulated with Mary for moving away from a navvy who sat next to her in the train. Surely that was against her theories, he said. She could not deny that she had changed

her seat because the man smelt unpleasantly, but she had an answer ready. "If it wasn't for people like you," she retorted, "that navvy would be wearing a frock coat and smoking a cigar. . . ."

Each girl took an exaggerated interest in whatever the other did. Mary painted, and asked Eleanor to "come and have a look at my effort." Eleanor vigorously read up Socialism, and was supported by Mary. But to strangers or to their respective friends they were not above running each other down, ever so little, of course, and in the nicest way possible.

"I'm so sorry," Eleanor would apologise to a stranger, "if there's a smell of turpentine in the house. Mary *will* leave her paints all over the place. Isn't it funny how some people can't *help being* untidy?"

"We've got lots of stuffy books like that," Mary would say in her turn, "and they're dreadful! Eleanor *will* bring them home from the library."

Thus to strangers. But to their father they presented an united front. He was unreasonable, and must be made to see as they saw. . . . When they introduced him to visitors they had a deprecating air, which conveyed a wink, as if to say, "He's an awful old fool, you know, but you must put up with him, as he's our father," and off they would go, helter skelter, into an argument, until he said, "Mary" (or "Eleanor") "I do wish you would not talk so loud." But all the time he was listening, and, catching a familiar word, "Aren't those the sort of paints my daughter uses?" he would say, or "Surely that's what my daughter said?"

In this way he lived, coming rather carefully downstairs in his brown woollen dressing-gown faced with red, his rosy cheeks shining and his eyes a-twinkle, sitting in the armchair with his feet against the blaze, the paper crumpled into his lap, looking at his girls and thinking, perhaps, how like in features to her mother Mary was growing, but wishing that a little of the commonsense, which in her he had so often applauded, had fallen in, however small a quantity upon her daughters.

F. GERALD MILLER.

We are to have a new dramatic poem, *The Titans*, by Mr. C. M. Doughty, which will be published by Messrs. Duckworth. This firm announces also, among other books, a re-written and enlarged edition of Mr. W. H. Hudson's *Birds and Man*, "practically amounting to a new work"; *Songs and Sonnets of Shakespeare*, illustrated and decorated in colour by Charles Robinson; and a new edition of René Francis's translation of *Le Tentation de St. Antoine*, illustrated for a limited edition by Catherine Low.

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CARBER'S CRUISE.

AN IRONIC RHYME.

VIII.

We left Jim on the deck—that's Byron's way
Of starting off again when Juan's flat;
A method showing lack of art, you'll say,
And rightly, but I'd like to mention that
Times are when writers long for an emetic
To rid them of regard for things æsthetic.

Times are, again, my patience being worn
By one or other damnable misgiving,
I wish that Carber never had been born,
He's so unconsciously long a living.
I feel much better, though, when I recall
Those characters who do not live at all.

There are a few, my word! they're like the spooks
Of that chap Maeterlinck,¹ who, having writ
Much about nothing, gives it us in books,
Disproving thus, *ex nihil, nihil fit.*
Small wonder of that world of his, he said,
(Where there are none alive) "there are no dead."

But our concern's with Jim and not with spectres
Telling us heaven's secrets and the grave's—
From all which lunacies the Lord protect us!
And, too, protect us from the fools and knaves
Whose minds such rubbish occupies—a bantam
Can tell us more of things than any phantom!

Herein am I with Nature; let them keep
Their spookery, it won't disturb my phlegm;
We can call spirits from the vasty deep,
And they do come when we do call for them;
But that deep never kept the English nation
Inviolate—its name's Imagination.

You fear it, you despise it—never mind,
We cannot help our ignorance, although
We can be given sight who, being blind,
Miss much that makes life happier—I know
That in that kingdom where true spirits dwell,
Least of its wonders is a miracle.

(1) "They do not seem to have the least consciousness of a new or superterrestrial life, differing from that of the body whence they issue. On the contrary their spiritual energy, at a time when it ought to be absolutely pure because it is rid of matter, seems greatly inferior to what it was when matter surrounded it."

Sir Oliver Lodge listened to my recital impatiently. "Did Maeterlinck really write that?" he asked at length.

I assured him that such was the case.

"What rubbish!" he said, curtly. "What rubbish!"

Links between Matter and Maeterlinck.

A Commentary. Mrs. J. N. Carber : 1918.

Jim (heaven forgive my long parentheses—

I'm sure the reader won't!) Jim, having eyed
The vessel with apparent casualness,

Walked with a quaking heart towards the side,
And drawing out the treasured work on Species,
He dropped it overboard to feed the fishes.

That's an expression, reader, bids me pause;

I cannot vouch for further happenings;

It may have gone to some crustacean's claws,

Or just the uneventful way of things—
While young amoebæ went about their games—
I only know it wasn't right of James.

But he felt glad, and, as the blithe mosquito

Hummeth its little song, its fell work done,
Crooned, his revenge had been so swift and
sweet—O,

Had he no shame! you cry; no, Jim had none.
Shortlived, however, his revengeful joy was
So dreadfully unfortunate that boy was.

Carber had seen him!—seen his every action?

Queries the reader, breathless; no, but seen,
Chancing to look around, the satisfaction

Lighting his face up—"That young devil's been
Up to no good," he pondered; turning then,
Muttering, "Men or monkeys, monkeys or men."

Next morning early Carber sat morose,

Deciding other and more concrete matter;
The book worth more to him than herring roes,

The precious volume that had served to shatter
His simple faith, his temper, and his mind, it
Was missing and the poor man couldn't find it.

Ah, had he been as those who love red roses

Better than beastly babble of baboons,
Poets who leave morality to Moses,

Whose fancies are first cousins to the moon's,
Would then his thoughts have been as black as
murder!

Je pense que non!—in fact, I'll go much further...

We should have known another deck indeed!

Glad noises as of skipping on the hills,
With Jim outfluting Orpheus on a reed,

And Carber dancing like the daffodils,
While loves and doves about them cried "Hurray,
There's one less copy in the world to-day!"

But this, alas, is dream; the brutal truth

Must out that Carber went on seeking light,
Till vividly to mind there came a youth

Gloating as one had gloated overnight.
With vehement conviction then and grim,

He rose, clench-fisted, with the cry "It's him!"

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THE ACADEMY.

Now, Muse, attend! or, as they say at sea,
 Get ready, Muse, hitch up your slacks, or lace
 Your corsets tighter as the case may be,
 I want your kind assistance for the chase
 That followed when Jim fled from Carber even
 Quicker than Thompson did the Hound of Heaven.

He did not wait for cross-examination;
 Knowing what Carber knew by Carber's eye,
 Jim courted no escape by explanation,
 But ran like blazes from his enemy.
 Sing high, sing low, sing anyhow! but sing,
 Dear Muse, appropriately, that scurrying.

I like a chase! I like all wild pursuits!
 In boyhood's day when dogs were chasing cats,
 With fascinated guilt I watched the brutes;
 I like to see men running after hats;
 Nor does my interest, though more mature,
 Slacken when young enthusiasts are sure

Of catching Truth if they run hard enough!
 I make but one proviso (jot it down,
 My sucking Schopenhauer, on your cuff),
 That you should keep on running when the town
 Lauds writers of those propagartist tracts
 Who've sold their fancies for a mess of facts.

But now the game's with Carber and with Jim;
 The hunt is up, and Jim's away, away;
 And now it's odds on Carber catching him,
 And now I'll back the boy . . . hip, hip, hurray!
 He's round the foc'sle now, and now he swings
 Into the rigging, climbs, and longs for wings.

Will Carber wait! Not he! You ought to know
 It's not done in the service. Yoicks, away!
 Yoicks, once again! hark forrad! Tally ho!
 And Carber's after him—but heavens! stay!
 Oh, reader, give a gasp of horror, he
 Has slipped and fallen headlong in the sea!

Slow music now, dear Muse, and velvet pile
 To walk upon, and with hushed accents speak,
 Lest Anticlimax, that harsh monster, rile
 Our gentle reader—Carber's stifled shriek
 Left Jim in much the same distressed condition
 That ragtime leaves a sensitive musician.

He waited, trembling; then with tightened lip,
 His mind made up, swung quickly down and
 slunk
 Softly from sight, and this is our tale—the ship
 Plunged on, and later, finding Carber's bunk
 Unoccupied, the simple fishermen
 Wagged knowing heads in unison, and when

The mystery was talked about, averred
 That too much study never did appeal
 To them, and one remarked that he had heard
 A cry when he was standing at the wheel,
 But "Oi be plaguey deaf, and thought it nowt
 But gulls"—and so the matter fizzled out.

IX.

When, somewhat in the old Satanic fashion,
 "Flung headlong flaming through the ethereal
 sky,"

Carber went down for further information
 Regarding the amaeba, a supply
 Of picturesque accounts came back to me
 Describing drownings and demise at sea.

I thought of that poor devil who was drowned
 In Victor Hugo's masterpiece, I thought
 Of Quilp's end in the river, and I found
 That nothing I could manage of the sort
 Would equal either Dickens, no, or Hugo,
 So go to them; you'll thank me if you do go.

It happened, too, that Carber wasn't dead,
 Although Dame Fortune did her best to knock
 The life out of his body; when his head,
 Still buzzing from the violence of the shock,
 Appeared again, to shouting he bestirred him,
 But none aboard the flying trawler heard him.

He slackened then, his face more set and grim
 With lessening hope, but once, with some remote
 Instinct awaking, it occurred to him
 He might do better to remove his coat
 And boots, the which he did, and, lightened thus,
 Swam on, but floated soon delirious.

They say that when a man is drowning, all
 His past appears before him; I believe
 The gods are kinder; and more fanciful
 Our ends are, as when weeds and purples weave
 A garland for Ophelia, and she swoons
 To Lethe chanting "snatches of old tunes."

There came to Carber not what you might think,
 Visions of hideous apes and chimpanzees,
 Grinning and chattering while "the missing link"
 Graced in their midst the new humanities;
 No, in a land of dreams where fancy free is,
 All was as simple now as A.B.C. is.

He saw the fields again; a child he strayed
 Star-gathering, where on a day, with care,
 He pulled long nettles that the family made
 Serve for rich soups and spinachs; and there
 The trees were star-enclustered, thicker far
 Than cherries in the cherry orchard are.

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But soon came change; they wanted him, it seemed,
 To search again for nettles, and his heart
 Was heavy with their tyranny; he dreamed
 The old rebellious dreams and walked apart.
 But now, how warm the air, how soft the grass!
 He would lie down awhile so tired he was.

God! how they bothered him! it wasn't long
 Before they wanted something! yet, who knew
 But that the fools were right . . . no, they were
 wrong,

But someone, something, right; he'd hurry through
 The fog, and get them what they wanted; then
 They'd go, perhaps, and he could sleep again.

And then he saw the hills, the marsh between
 Their long line and the sea, and garment wise
 The woods of them, and, by a garden green,
 Sweet lavender where flitted butterflies;
 And knew at length he dreamed, and thrilled with
 fear
 That he might wake, so beautiful they were.

The marsh was veiled in amber, and the hills
 Beyond lay dreaming day-long in the sun.
 "I am so tired," he said; "the sunlight fills
 The land, and I am tired;" and then came one
 Whose arms were full of gold of sea poppies,
 And spread them softly, covering him with these.

HENRY SAVAGE.
(The End.)

COLERIDGE IN GERMANY.

When Coleridge spoke of Klopstock as a "very German Milton," there was no more to be said. Post-tertary has accepted the verdict, and Klopstock, who was not without some heavy Teutonic virtues, is forgotten by all but scholars. Coleridge, undoubtedly one of our most brilliant thinkers, was never so obsessed by Germany's literary accomplishments as was Carlyle, though he probably mastered the obscure philosophies with a clearer grasp; but we have to remember that the poet paid his visit to Germany in 1798, before the appearance of Goethe's *Faust*, and before Heine had brought a new distinction to the literature of the Fatherland. At that time Lessing was Germany's chief glory; Goethe was known by his *Werther* and *Goetz*, Schiller by his *Robbers*. Coleridge sojourned in Hamburg not exactly in the character of a scoffer, but certainly as one who was in no sense prepared to glorify Germany or its literature at the expense of England; and it is exceedingly

interesting, in the light of later experience, to read some of his discriminating criticisms. We remember the observation, lately attributed to a German officer (before the war) that "you English will always be fools and we Germans will never be gentlemen." More than a century earlier, Coleridge had said that the "character of gentleman, in the sense to which I have confined it, is frequent in England; rare in France, and found, where it is found, in age or the latest period of manhood; while in Germany the character is almost unknown." Speaking of Hamburg, he says that "it might have been the rival of Venice, and it is huddle and ugliness, stench and stagnation." But it was at Cologne that he found this unsavoury atmosphere most obnoxious. He tells us that he "counted two and seventy stenches," and he proceeds to say:

The river Rhine, it is well known,
 Doth wash the city of Cologne;
 But tell me, nymphs, what power divine
 Will henceforth wash the river Rhine?

Elsewhere he speaks of the "body and soul-stinking town of Cologne." We must not imagine that Coleridge was unfair to Germany. He himself, later, gave us a rendering of Schiller's *Wallenstein* that in some parts is better than the original. But he seemed already to scent a danger in Teutonic assertion and aggressiveness, which set him on the defensive and induced some acerbity of criticism, certainly justified. He not only resented the "pantomimic tragedies and weeping comedies of Kotzebue and his imitators"; he also discovered that German cooks are "the worst in the world"; while an English dust-cart was "a piece of finery" compared with the post-chaises of North Germany. Of course all this was long before the elaborate perfections of German organisation—long before the whole people had been Prussianised; we must take these observations as glimpses of the past, revealing national characteristics that have been discreetly veneered since then. Even in Coleridge's time religious belief seems to have been at a discount in the parts of Germany that he visited, though it had not yet sunk to the deification of king or Kaiser. "In Hamburg," he says, "there seems to be no religion at all. In Lubeck it is confined to the women. The men seem determined to be divorced from their wives in the other world, if they cannot in this." Perhaps Brandl had not read this when he told readers of his Life of Coleridge that the poet had "thoroughly learned the character of Germany." The same German authority assures us that Coleridge associated intimately with the Gottingen students;

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"he wrote in their albums, he took part in their processions; he went to their beer-houses, and joined with heart and voice in the song, 'Ein freies Leben fuhren wir.'" But he would certainly not have joined in "Deutschland über alles," had that ambitious ditty been in existence then. With all desire to be just and fair-minded, it is still pleasant to find that neither Wordsworth nor Coleridge were led by Germanic pretensions, nor by Germany's actual, and, in some respects, great accomplishments, to underrate their own country, their own national character, or their own literature. Both were spiritually homesick in Germany; both remained absolutely faithful to the ideals of their native land. If we must go to the past to find sanction for our position and aims in this tremendous conflict, we cannot do better than turn to these poets, perhaps especially to Wordsworth, who is the greater. We do so with regret that another great writer who came later, Thomas Carlyle, unlike these two, should have been entirely discredited by the falsifying of his pronouncements, when he regarded Germany as the spiritual Mecca, the true leader of human thought, in the march towards social perfectibility.

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

ON MOVIES.

In a speech delivered some years ago Mr. Balfour made agreeable play with the suggestion that music has the unique property of being enjoyed simultaneously in more places than one. He spoke, however, before the days of cinematographs. To-day in that region known as the heart of London an audience can be thrilled by the deepest sorrows capable of a happy dénouement and can be aware that its privileges are being fully shared at some humble Picture Palace at the nethermost end of the world. Of course it is not to be supposed that an audience usually bothers its head about these matters. If people gave up their minds to such speculations they would sit at home engrossed in mental processes of slight benefit to themselves and of none at all to the cinematograph theatres. Instead, the public takes its cinematographs as it finds them. It takes them with a passive hunger, with an uncritical acceptance of all their wonders.

Cinematographs may be reckoned the latest usurpers of the position once filled in the public's pleasure by miracle plays. And without entering into erudite comparisons between these two kinds of amusements, it may be observed that their only point of similarity is in the pleasure obtained by the spectacle of happenings not usually experienced by the spectator, and that one of their many differences is in the quality of their human

appeal. The enthusiasm of the people of this country for cinematographs is manifested by the extent of their patronage and not by their demeanour when they are assembled inside the Picture Palaces. There, it seems, it is still possible to laugh, but to applaud or to cry are both outside the limits of good taste. Perhaps one of the reasons for the great popularity of cinematographs is because they supply a means by which English people are able to watch the emotions of others without being called upon to exhibit emotion in public themselves. In a Picture Palace where he had witnessed a little child actress play her reconciling part, a middle-aged gentleman was heard to remark: "That is what I like about cinematographs. How tedious she would be if you could hear her talk!" Pierre de la Primaudaye would have been of a contrary opinion. In his *Academia Francese*, that work which some unhappy people continue to regard as the *Temporis Partus Maximus* of Francis Bacon, he observes: "Car il nous faudroit parler aux yeux par signes, et si n'en pourrions tout trouver sans comparaison ne tant contrefaire et imaginer par tous les sens et membres de nostre corps que la seul langue nous en peut donner par le moyen de la parole. Car elle donne le nom à tout choses. . . Brief, Dieu a donné ce benefice à la l'homme par lequel l'un peut representer a l'autre par moyen de la langue et des oreilles et faire entendre et cognoistre tant les choses divines qu'humaines."

We are given to understand that even the deaf and dumb, whom one might imagine as overcoming the limitations imposed by this lack of speech, are in no way better off. They have learned to read by the lips. If we are to believe (and let us hope we may) the story of the teacher of lip-reading, who said she was appalled by the language used by cinematograph actors during the performance of their parts, it would seem that when a deaf and dumb person goes to the movies his is a remarkably diverting experience. But to those possessed of normal faculties the cinematograph presents life through a medium which dispenses with one of our most human attributes. Since, however, so many of us are already accustomed to a feeling of incompleteness in our lives we do not very easily notice this. Anyone standing at the top of a sky-scraper who sees a man murder his wife in the street below will probably find it difficult to realise what he sees in the distance, although he may be reminded by it of his own domestic problems. In the cinematograph theatre we watch the dramas unfolded there with something of the remoteness of that point of view. If our emotions are touched it is because to obliterate the emotions which filmed dramas or any other spectacle can arouse from our own experience is impossible.

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The most important function of the cinematograph is to add something to life which is not ordinarily there. Yet its possibilities as a mirror of fantasy are but clumsily developed. We rarely escape from a world of large motor cars, dull husbands and American gentlemen who fire revolvers with great frequency. Mr. Gordon Craig's theories of stage production remained in the legitimate theatre as highly interesting but unsuccessful experiments. In the cinematograph theatre his methods would undoubtedly produce remarkable results. That type of aristocratic realist who was able to enjoy one of Dan Leno's impersonations better than his fashionable neighbours because he happened to have once seen a gridiron would, of course, be left unmoved. He could very rightly demand the humour inseparably associated with fire-hose and the thrill of the knock-down blow, but there would still be room for a world of wonder and scenes of fantasy which cinematograph producers seem so very reluctant to give us.

H. GARLAND.

THE MUSE OF JEAN RICHEPIN

Born sixty-six years ago in Algeria, the son of an army doctor, Jean Richepin, whose voice now sounds above the loudest in indignant France, spent the best years of his young manhood among the Ishmaels of the road, whose tenderness and blasphemy is all set down in his "Chanson des Gueux," along with the cunning shifts with which they fence against the pricks of famine. Extenuating nothing of the vileness that thrives under necessity's sharp spur, he shocked overnice literary people by his indulgence in the slang of an under-world akin to that in which Villon had moved five hundred years before him, when he had begged in thieve's *argot* for the pity of wayfarers on his poor body which (as he believed) was about to be hanged. His book was condemned as immoral, and its author imprisoned; but he hailed the condemnation as an acknowledgment of society's own guilt, the vileness of his unhushed speech being the measure of its neglect of "these adventurers, these hardy fellows, these revolted children to whom she has almost always been a hard foster-mother, and who, finding no milk in the breast of the unkindly nurse, bite into her very flesh to allay their hunger." He brands the blasphemous indignity of our patronage of the poor in "The Beggar's Look" which I render here:—

THE BEGGAR'S LOOK.

The old tramp on the prowl for bread
Looked at me and nothing said,
With his bony hand thrust out
Suddenly, nor deigned to tout
For my pity. Thankless, grim,
He took the penny offered him.

But his wolfish eyes of grey
Spake to me. I heard them say
"Think you for a greasy brown
I will let you tread me down?
" You but show, with this mean dole,
Kindness to your own poor soul.
" When you give me this round thing
'Tis yourself you're comforting.
" Sharing thus your store of pelf,
You owe thanks unto yourself.
" A penny for an old man bowed!
There's a deed to make you proud!
" Proud's the day when you with pence
Brand your brother's indigence!
" For your penny, it were fit
If I straightway spat on it.
" Though I take and keep it whole,
Think not I'll forgive the dole."
Thus his grey eyes on me set
Spake in a dumb alphabet.
I looked back as mute as he,
Desperate in misery.
Then I shut my purse and strode
Like a felon down the road,
Knowing well the old man's eyes
Saw my guilt, and spake no lies.

The "Ecole Normale" (from which the élite of French University Professors are drawn) have seldom had a more brilliant pupil than Richepin; but he abandoned the scholar's life shortly after the conclusion of the war of '70 (in which he served as a franc-tireur in an Arab company) and took to the vagabondage which his books mostly celebrate. He became hawker, A.B., and docker, his physical strength and hardiness enabling him to enjoy what most men of his culture would shrink from. An excellent actor of the *lundi* and the *romanesque*, the stage once threatened to hold him; and thirty-two years ago he was playing "lead" to Sarah Bernhardt in "Nana-Sahib," a play of his own writing.

Iconoclast in fibre, somewhat too prone to idolise the *barbare* in life, as though the spirit of the Arab land in which he was born had woven her strong spells over his coming, he has breathed that reality of experience into poetry without which it tends to become no more than a formal toy for tired minds. His general truculence of attitude cannot better be summarised than in his own "Proud Sonnet."

PROUD SONNET.

The load we bear of trouble is self-made.
Life is for fighting, and amid the rout
Of soldier, robber, traitor, murderous lout,
Hapless goes he unarmed, so fate's obeyed!
Then get you corselets that will turn the blade
Against the steel sheath of your bosom stout;
Let each forge his own armour for the bout,
And saints wear bristles lest they be waylaid.
So I may meet my murderers without dread,
I don the hair and set the mail thereon,
And dare who will to strike their felon steel!
My mail is perfect pride unconqueréd,
The hairy pelt into my flesh has grown:
You who would stab my heart, search where you will!

WILFRED THORLEY.

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REVIEWS.

PROPAGARTISM.

The Freelands.—By John Galsworthy. (Heinemann) 6s.

Mr. Galsworthy sets us thinking less of the problems he raises than of the problem of himself. He is so obviously a propagartist—as Richard Middleton called those in whom the propagandist is stronger than the artist—it seems hopeless to think of reforming him. As well try to guide Arcturus with his sons. He is that he is, and all the criticism in the world apparently will not stay him from writing novels with a purpose. Why does he do it? He is so much the artist we forget awhile until pulled up short by some improbability or other that his first duty is to tell a story, not to obtrude his own views and opinions. But can he help himself? A case in point in the present volume illustrates well the way in which his feelings get the better of his judgment. One of his characters, Tryst, the labourer—and how truly drawn, how different from those other characters more or less projections of himself!—has been unjustly treated, and is visited in prison by Nedda, the fiancée of the hothead through whom the man was incited to the crime that led him there. We are moved, taken out of ourselves, by the man's dreadful stoicism, the girl's compassion, and the description of the prison surroundings. And then comes the end of the chapter.

Outside the prison door she drew a long, long breath. And suddenly her eyes caught the inscription in the corner of a lane leading down alongside the prison wall. It was called "Love's Walk!"

All that seemed true before becomes false, unreal, at once. It is like a blow in the face. There may be in point of fact by some prison a lane of that name, but to introduce it into the atmosphere of the chapter in question is an error revealing Mr. Galsworthy's weakness as an artist. Why does he allow his zeal for reform to conquer the artist in him? It would seem to be true that he cannot help himself. Like many more of us, if he knew what to do he would do it. He has no solution for the problems he raises. If he had he would not raise them. Your propagandist is really preaching at himself, trying to convince himself. The half gods are always with him, the gods have not arrived. Who but one in the twilight of the half gods, for example, could have written the following passage?—

"Dad, I do so want to know everything."

Not rousing even a smile, with its sublime immodesty that aspiration seemed to Felix infinitely touching. What

less could youth want in the very heart of Spring? And, watching her face put up to the night, her parted lips, and the moon-gleam fingering her white throat, he answered:

"It'll all come soon enough, my pretty!"

To think that she must come to an end like the rest, having found out almost nothing, having discovered just herself and the particle of God that was within her.

Almost nothing to have "discovered just herself and the particle of God that was within her"! Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. Galsworthy! It is you who have not discovered yourself or that particle. If you do, you will no longer write books giving your opinions about land problems. You will have seen the Land.

Immanence and Christian Thought.—By FREDERIC PLATT, M.A., B.D. Published for the Fernley Lecture Trust. (Charles H. Kelly.) 4s.

In his Fernley lecture the Rev. Frederic Platt has undertaken the task of restating the traditional Christian attitude towards the subject of Divine Immanence. Incidentally he reasserts the doctrine of Transcendence in answer to views in accord with Absolute Immanence put forward by advocates of the "New" Theology which gave rise to considerable scandal in Nonconformist circles. Mr. Platt has performed his task with learning and ability. In company with most Nonconformist writers, however learned, he is liable to drop into pulpit rhetoric by way of embroidering his conclusions. This is unnecessary, and particularly so in a book where the conclusions themselves have been reached in simple and adequate language. Also it must be admitted that readers who are not accustomed to Nonconformist habits of tolerance will be disconcerted by a sense of values which permits anecdotes of St. Bernard and the Rev. Newman Hall to be related on the same page with equal solemnity. Nevertheless the book can be recommended to the general reader as a work which provides an interesting account of the historical development of the doctrine of Immanence and its relation to Philosophy and to the most recent discoveries in connection with the universal ether.

Tod Sloan. By Himself.—Edited by A. DICK LUCKMAN. (Grant Richards.) 15s. net.

The problem of recording in literary form the life of a celebrity who has a great deal to do with life and nothing to do with literature is an old one, and nowadays when we have a multiplicity of "personalities" all thirsting for an impression to be handed down to posterity, this problem becomes acute. Certainly we have seen the difficulties met with better results than in this book. Racegoers who were pre-

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sent at the various events chronicled will find more interest in its pages than ordinary readers of sporting memoirs, for although Mr. Luckman is "sure too that many phrases of his career would typify life preceding 1915," he does not make of Tod Sloan's reminiscences a particularly valuable contribution to our knowledge of the social manners during the last generation. "Sloan," claims Mr. Luckman, "is a man of super-intelligence, and his views about most things suggest that had he gone into another walk of life he would have been equally successful." For our part we are quite content with Tod Sloan's success as a jockey, and if Mr. Luckman had succeeded in getting down on paper an impression of the electric qualities that go to make the personality of a fine jockey we should have been more than content with Mr. Luckman. But in the book before us this has not been achieved. Apart from a chronicle of his life this volume has been written as a kind of *apologia pro vita sua* in order to ventilate Tod Sloan's differences with the Jockey Club. Whether it will succeed in obtaining a renewal of his licence it is not for us to judge. We have to deal only with the readable qualities of the book, and these we find of no particular value.

Dreams. The Old Squire's Welcome. "The Charm 'For Ever'". The Enemy.—By GEORGE A. B. DEWAR. (Elkin Matthews.) 2s. 6d. net.

These are three unpretentious little sketches which, although there is no mention of the fact, must, we suspect, have done journalistic duty before being given the dignity of book form. It is difficult to understand why Mr. Dewar has thought it advisable to reprint them. They are smoothly written, and, no doubt, in some quiet country journal each would provide a column of a few minutes reading capable of lulling rather than overtaxing the reader's attention.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

POETRY AND BELLES LETTRES.

The North Sea and other Poems. By de Vere Stacpoole. (Hutchinson.) 3s. 6d. net.
Verses, Wise and Otherwise. By Tom, Dick and Harry. (H. R. Allenson.) 1s. net.
War and Christianity: Three Conversations. By Vladimir Solovyof. (Constable.) 4s. 6d. net.

FICTION AND GENERAL.

Little Hearts. By Marjorie Pickthall. (Methuen.) 6s.
Tod Sloan. By Himself. (Grant Richards.) 15s. net.
The Round Table: September. (Macmillan's.) 2s. 6d.

DRAMA.

A Study in Bereavement. Comedy in one act. By E. S. P. Haynes. (Henderson's: 66, Charing Cross Road.) 7d.

We shall be obliged if publishers will kindly note our new address:
 8 & 9 St. James's Market, Jermyn Street, S.W.

"CAMEOS FROM THE CLASSICS."

We could wish that the movement had been started by the National Service League, since the League is justly trusted and admired as the depositary of all truth in this matter, and the society which has made the country familiar with the lucid and democratic principles of National Service.—*Spectator*.

A cynic, looking at the world from a sufficient distance to be himself unperturbed by its troubles, might musingly comment upon the fact that large numbers of people, both in England and in America, are now troubling themselves about a phenomenon which is the direct opposite of that which troubled them twelve months ago.—*Spectator*.

And the visionary reformer Tod marries a Highland lady, a natural rebel against the petty Decalogue of Mode, whose experience of the sufferings of crofters has inspired her with a deep resentment against the iniquities of the land system. John is a childless widower; Stanley's children are too young to declare themselves politically; but Sheila and Derek inherit the reforming zeal of Tod and his wife Kirsteen, while Felix's son is orthodox socially and politically, and his daughter only a more impulsive version of himself. If Tod and his wife had pitched their tent in the wilderness, this novel could never have been written.—*Spectator*.

We lately suggested to the *British Weekly* that it might help us a little by protesting against the loathsome and disgusting Brides and Baths sensation. The *British Weekly*, however, has not responded.—*Saturday Review*.

Is German diplomacy a clodhopper?—*Saturday Review*.

Amongst the many changes wrought by the war is the dislocation of the musical calendar.—*Saturday Review*.

If the Kaiser really wishes to know the sober truth about Britain in war time he can learn it from the next number of the *Sunday Pictorial*.—*Daily Mirror*.

One needs reflection on other matters besides one's own unworthiness.—*T.P.'s Weekly*.

It assumes what Prof. Cram said (but, indeed, the fact is well known) a survey of world-history denied —viz., the existence not only of the power but of the will to end war. Whatever we may think about war (and there really are fundamental differences of opinion concerning it)—*New Age*.

I have already said enough.—R. H. C. in the *New Age*.

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